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## Bach's Grosse Passions-Musik.

(ST. MATTHEW.)

BY G. A. MACFARREN.

[From the London Musical Times]

There is, perhaps, no musical composition extant wherein is embodied so thoroughly as in the present the implicit faith—at once childlike and mature in its simplicity and its depth—of a devout member of the Christian church. This is said with a full knowledge of Handel's *Messiah*, of the sublime conception it presents, and of the pre-eminent artistry it evinces. The two works, however, are as different in character as they are unlike in form, and they are as distinct in the nature and means of their expression as the two masters who wrote them were in the constitution of their minds and the habit of their lives. It is not here to compare these masterpieces; and allusion is only made to the English Oratorio, in deference to the just position it holds as an illustration of religious feeling in this country. The music set to St. Matthew's history of the *Passion* is essentially an unveiling of the personal feelings of the composer, his vivid sense of the truth of the incidents it depicts, and his loving devotion to the divine sufferer, whose relation to himself is shown to be regarded as of the closest intimacy. It relates the facts with the vivacity of an eyewitness, or one, at least, who witnesses them by the second sight of firm belief; and it comments upon them with the affection of a participator in the benefits which have resulted from them, and who feels that his special welfare is due to their enactment. This great work is, notwithstanding the three public performances which have been given of it within the last fifteen years under Professor Sterndale Bennett's direction, but little known in England. In the hope of drawing attention to its infinite beauties, a sketch will here be offered of the precedents upon which it was modelled, of the circumstances that induced its composition, and of its peculiar structure; and an attempt will follow to describe, or, at least, acknowledge, some of its chief points of interest.

From primitive times it was the custom of the church to keep green the memory of the sacred history by a public recitation, on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, of those chapters in one or other of the Gospels which relate the circumstances of the *Passion*. To give dramatic force to the narration, the several personages who speak in the course of it were represented by different individuals, whereas, he who recites the story was, throughout, the same. Thus, a letter of Mendelssohn recounts how, at Rome, among the solemnities of Passion Week, in the Sistine chapel, in 1831, the portion of St. John's Gospel was sung on Good Friday, when the part of the Evangelist was sustained by a tenor, the words belonging to Jesus were assigned to a bass, those of Peter, Pilate, and the Maid-Servant were given by an alto, and those of the multitude—whether the disciples, the populace, or the priests—were sung by the chorus. These choral fragments are defined as *Turbæ*. The whole was chanted upon so-called Gregorian tones; and its Roman use, in the same form and to the same music, has been from time immemorial.

It was a special design of Luther, to retain, in the Reformed Church, this primitive usage of the periodical recitation of the *Passion*. According to his desire, the simple manner of its intonation, by two priests only in his own time, was early amplified, and a German version of the text was printed at Wittemberg, in 1573, with music for the recitation, and introductory and final choruses, which, like the *Turbæ*, are harmonized in four parts. A more elaborated composition ap-

peared in 1588, the work of Bartholomæus Gese, in which the part of Jesus is always set for four voices, those of Peter and Pilate for three, those of the maid and servants for two, and the *Turbæ* are written for five voices—a peculiar distribution, that would distinguish the several individualities, but little tend to the dramatic effect of the performance. Heinrich Schütz, one of the most distinguished musicians of his time—who, having passed some years in Italy and witnessed the dawning there of the modern lyrical drama, wrote the first German opera upon the Italian model—composed, shortly before the close of his very long life, music for the *Passion* as related in each of the four Gospels. The advanced resources of the art are applied in each of these four works, especially in the elaboration of the chorals or hymn tunes that constitute the final choruses. In 1672, the year of the death of Schütz, Johann Sebastiani produced a *Passion*, in which, for the first time, the part of the Evangelist, or Narrator, was set to original recitative, instead of to the old ecclesiastical Plain Song, and in which, also for the first time, string instruments were employed, instead of the accompaniment being restricted to the organ.

The great advance that had been made in dramatic music at the beginning of the eighteenth century, which was especially manifest in Hamburg, induced there the extended development of art forms in the setting of the *Passion*. So, in 1704, the voluminous Reinhold Keiser, who was then director of the opera in that city, brought out *Der Blutige und Sterbende Jesus*, a work to the same purpose of relating the Gospel story, but peculiar in being set to an original poem instead of to the biblical text. In this first occurs the term *Soliloquia*, to define a species of Cantata or intermixture of recitative and rhythmical movements, of which there are three specimens in the work, that consist of reflections, for a single voice, upon the principal incidents. Another composition, by Keiser, appeared in 1712, which also was set to an original poem, wherein, however, the scriptural order of the story was more strictly followed than in the preceding.

Handel set the same text in 1717, and the first hearing of this work in England was at the Norwich Festival, in 1866. Telemann and Mattheson also wrote music to the poem; and, subsequently, some passages from it were interspersed in St. John's version of the *Passion*, when this was set by Bach.

When, in 1723, Bach went to Leipzig, as cantor of St. Thomas's school and musical director of the churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas, he found the learned and zealous Solomon Deyling filling an important church office in that city. This eminent divine, who had struggled into his position through the utmost difficulties of poverty, perceived the extraordinary powers of the musician, and had the happy thought of turning them to best account in the Church's service. The musical works above named, which were only the most notable among many, had excited wide interest in the Hamburg celebrations of Easter. Still more was public attention drawn to the Dresden performances of the Roman Service, in which the singers of the renowned Italian opera, under the direction of Hasse, took part. Deyling deemed that it would be for the welfare of the Reformed Church to present in its Service some counter attraction to these popular celebrations of the Mass, and he deemed our Lord's *Passion* a worthy subject, and the season of its commemoration a fitting period for the fulfilment of his design. He proposed to Bach, therefore, the composition of a *Passion* in which the text of scripture should be rigidly preserved, but interspersed with reflective passages upon the princi-

ple of the Hamburg Soliloquia, and further interpolated with pertinent chorals, of which the words with the tunes formed, as they do now, the first step in North German schooling, a of which, therefore, the congregation at large could participate in the performance. Here were to be combined the ecclesiastical, the artistic, and the popular elements, and their concentration in a single work was to be confided to the man of all others, in all time, best qualified for the task, whose competency was proved by the devout habit which fitted him to penetrate and expound the purport of the Gospel text, by the consummate musicianship which enabled him to bring all the appliances of art to bear upon the subject, and by the vast experience in teaching, accompanying, and elaborating the popular hymns, which familiarized him with the sympathies of the people and the capabilities of the tunes. It is alleged by Julius Rietz that the *Passions* of Bach were the first works of the kind in which the standard Lutheran hymns were introduced, and in the rendering of which, therefore, the congregation was implicated; but Handel's *Passion*, before named, offers apparent evidence to the contrary, and the constant employment of the same resource, in the Oratorios of Graun and others that immediately followed, shows that its use must have been general.

There are three *Passions* ascribed to Bach; the first, according to St. Luke, is unprinted, and its authenticity is questioned on internal indications; the second, according to St. John is printed in several editions; and the third, according to St. Matthew, is the work under present consideration, and by far the most important of them all. This was performed for the first time at St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig, at the Evening Service on Good Friday, 1729. The extraordinary distribution of the score, which will presently be described, shows that extraordinary means must have been employed in this performance. If these means were adequate to the requirements of the work, and if—that chief of all means for its true effect—it was heard with religious and musical susceptibility to its beauties, the great design of Deyling must have been fully accomplished in its performance. After this the *Matthew Passion* lay in forgetfulness for a hundred years, and seems not to have been performed in public again until its revival in Berlin, under the youthful Mendelssohn's direction, on the 12th of March, 1829. This important event in the young musician's career—and, indeed, in the musical history of the present century—is fully described by Eduard Devrient, in his *Recollections of Mendelssohn*, with all its inducing circumstances; and the writer's enthusiasm for the work, his participation in that performance, and his observation of the influence this has wrought upon modern musical culture, renders his account most interesting. The success of the *Passion*, when it was awakened from its hundred years' sleep, led to its frequent repetition in different German towns, where it is said to hold the same popular esteem that Handel's *Messiah* does in this country; it led to the investigation of other works of the master, which till then had been unknown; it led to a general study of Bach, which has spread from the land of his birth to England and America; and it led to the establishment of the Bach-Gesellschaft, for bringing to light and rendering universally accessible a multitude of the composer's labors, of the existence of which the world had hitherto been ignorant. More than all this, in value to the musical art, is the fact that this second birth of the most important work of the master helped to mould the minds of the three greatest German musicians, whose activity dates from since the occasion of that Berlin per-

formance; for the traces are manifest and unmistakable of the deep-rooted influence of Bach throughout the writings of the departed Felix Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann, and the now working Johannes Brahms.

The Matthew *Passion* comprises the 26th and 27th chapters of that Evangelist's gospel. The first Part proceeds to the 56th verse of the 26th chapter, and the second Part includes from the 57th verse of this to the last verse of the following chapter. The two Parts were originally separated by the preaching of a sermon—a point for particular notice, since proving how especially the work was integrated in the Church Service, and showing how strongly the Lutheran divines felt upon a subject upon which there is an unfortunate difference of opinion among English authorities of the present day, namely, the superior fitness of the church to any other edifice for the performance of oratorios. The Soliloquies with which the gospel text is interspersed, were written under the pseudonym of Picander, by Christian Friedrich Henrici. Their poetical beauty is not remarkable; they are notable rather for a kind of sentimental personalism, expatiating painfully on the physical sufferings of Jesus, that belongs more to the religious feeling of the time when they were written than of our own. These the composer has, seemingly at his own discretion, and for purposes of musical more than of dramatic effect, set either as soliloquies or concerted pieces; and in these, in a performance out of church, at least, the most attractive features of the work will be found. In some of them, where a solo part is intermixed with chorus, the former is defined by the author as the Daughter of Zion, or as Zion, and the latter as the Faithful; but the composer makes no note of these allegorical personifications, which, indeed, appear to be arbitrary, if not accidental, since applied to some and not to other of the interspersed verses.\* It is obviously intended, however, that whether or not the name of such person be indicated, the solo parts throughout should represent the voice of the Christian Church, and that the chorus should stand for the true believers who are gathered under her wing; in this light Bach has felt and interpreted the passages. The chorals with which the gospel text is further interpolated, are selected from those in ordinary use in the Lutheran Church, and consist of such as specially illustrate the several points of the story at which they are introduced. These hymns—the verses nor the tunes—can, unfortunately, never produce elsewhere the same effect which they must always have in Germany, where they are intertwined with the fondest and most intimate affections of singers and hearers from childhood. In England, for instance, we can but admire them, as we do those in *St. Paul*, for their abstract musical beauty, since they are to us divested of all those strong and endearing associations which spring from life-long familiarity, and of that inseparability of words from notes which connects every hymn with its peculiar occasion, and thus makes each awaken the household sympathy of a Teuton, with the incident to whose enforcement it is thus applied.

The work is written for two complete choirs, each consisting of solo voices, chorus, full orchestra, and organ. I depend upon the authority of Rochlitz and Rietz for stating that the chorals were originally sung by the congregation, that is, the tunes, of course, while the harmony was sustained by the two choruses, accompanied by the two organs, and sometimes other instruments of both orchestras. The part of the Evangelist, or narrator, is assigned throughout to a tenor, and it was Deyling's particular injunction that this should be the singer with the best voice, with the most articulate enunciation, and with the best declamatory powers that could be found—the Sims Reeves, in fact, of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's latest performance of the work, when the rendering of this most difficult part was, perhaps, the greatest manifestation that the public has yet

witnessed of the rare ability of that distinguished artist. It belongs always to the singer of the first choir, as do those of Peter, Pilate, Judas, and the priests (written for basses), of the suborned witnesses (written for alto and tenor), of the maids who interrogate Peter, and of Pilate's wife (set for sopranos). The Turbæ, to use the ancient definition, or phrases for the multitude, are assigned sometimes to the chorus of the first choir only, sometimes to the double chorus, disposed responsively after the manner with which *Israel in Egypt* makes us happily familiar, sometimes with the two choirs singing and playing the same. The reflective pieces, or Soliloquies, are appointed to the solo singers of the two choirs in alternation, so that all shall have equal share in the responsibility of the performance. Let us imagine the scene that this distribution must have necessitated: a spacious church, invested with all the solemn associations peculiar to the sacred building, wherein the edification of hearts and souls must have been involved in the artist's design for the erection of columns and windows; at either end, the capacious orchestra filled with singers and instrumentalists, whose labor is rendered holy by the occasion, by the great human thought that has been brought to bear on the explication of this, and by the sanctuary wherein it is celebrated; towering above each orchestra the lofty organ, whose time honored employment in church service has rendered its acceptance general as a symbol of worship; and in the great area between these galleries of solemn song, a vast public surrounding the pulpit, wherein the presence of the preacher gives sanction and significance to the whole, every one imbued with the religious truths that are commemorated; and all—the little children who are learning to love the right, the women who are lovingly teaching them, and the men who are defending mother and child in the fond task of mutual duty—all taking part in the choral hymns, lifting their common voice in the heartfelt testimony. Let us imagine this scene—which is no fabrication of fancy, but a feeble, a very feeble picture of a once living fact—and we may, perhaps, be able to conceive with what impressions the congregation withdrew from St. Thomas's Church in Leipzig, at the close of even-song, on Good Friday, 1729.

(To be Continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### "Weber's Last Waltz."

MR. EDITOR:—A few years ago there appeared an article in a New York magazine upon the origin of "Von Weber's Last Waltz." Weber was represented in his dying moments, sitting in an arm chair supported by pillows and cushions, surrounded by his friends and attendants, writing with trembling fingers the Waltz which bears his name.

The absurdity of the story is sufficiently apparent to lead one to look for a more plausible history, which I wish to present for the benefit of your readers. I received it from a friend and pupil of Reissiger, who is its real author.

There was a popular German song originated generations before Weber, which he and his comrades used to sing together while returning from their pleasant rambles in the outskirts of Dresden.

One evening, after the death of Weber, a company of his friends were returning as usual from their favorite resort, when one of them thoughtlessly began their familiar song, but suddenly ceased, while another sadly remarked: "Hush, boys! poor Weber is no longer here to sing with us; let us go home in silence;" and they passed on with voices hushed, their eyes filled with tears and their hearts with sadness;—in silence broken only by the sweet though plaintive song of the cuckoo and the nightingale.

Reissiger composed a beautiful harmony to their old, familiar melody, and called it "The last thought about Weber." It was thus published in Germany, but in France it bore the title, "Le dernier pensée de Weber;" so the last thought about, became the last

thought of Weber, and finally it received the name of "Von Weber's last Waltz," thus enshrining the beautiful tribute rendered by his friends to his memory in Reissiger's "Last Thought About Weber."

### Boccherini.\*

Misfortune seems to have obstinately pursued the great artist, of whose life we here propose giving a rapid sketch, founded upon the excellent work of an erudite musician, M. L. Picquot.†

Luigi Boccherini was born at Lucca, on the 14th January, 1740. He received his first lessons in music from his father, a clever performer on the double-bass. He was next placed under the Abbate Vannucci, chapelmaster at the cathedral, and then went to finish his studies at Rome. His favorite instrument was the violoncello; he practised it most zealously, and attained a high degree of skill upon it.

On his return to his native city, the pieces he played there were enthusiastically applauded, having previously achieved no less success in the Papal capital. People did not know which to admire most: the entrancing execution of the virtuoso, or the style of writing, new and attractive at the same time, and so skilfully adapted to a class of compositions up to that period without well-defined form and character.

Boccherini contracted a friendship with Manfredi, a distinguished violinist of the Tartini school. Both eager for glory, they resolved to visit the great cities and capitals of the Continent. Confiding their fortune to the same future, they bade farewell to their birthplace, and visited successively Turin, and some other cities of Lombardy, Piedmont, and the south of France. Their talent excited admiration and enthusiasm everywhere. After this trip, which appears to have been prolonged several years, the two friends reached Paris about 1768.

Lachevardière, the publisher, introduced them to the famous Baron de Bagge, as celebrated for the patronage he extended to artists as for his incredible pretensions as a violinist. His house was the rendezvous of all the distinguished musicians in Paris, among them being Gossec, Gaviniés, Capron, and Duport, senior. It was before this areopagus that the Lucca virtuoso first appeared. Having come out honorably from the test, it was not long before they were subjected to a more perilous one, namely: their debut at the Concert Spirituel, where all the most popular artists performed. They had to combat against powerful rivals, whose reputation, long established, had no need to fear the efforts of any one. They never thought, therefore, of surpassing them by the charms of their playing. Looking for other means of success, they strove less to surpass, than to touch, their audience, by presenting them with the fresh and graceful productions of Boccherini's genius, rendered with the fascination which is inherent to them. This clever notion proved favorable to the strangers; no one thought of comparing them to the other artists; on se *laisa faire*, and their triumph was secured.

Welcomed and run after by the musical world, Boccherini gave the preference to Mme. Brillon de Jouy, a lady then as celebrated for her great talent upon the harpsichord, as for her varied acquirements and her amiability. He wrote her six Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violoncello; they are, in every respect, worthy of him who composed and of her who inspired them.

Meanwhile the reputation of the composer and that of the violinist had gone on increasing. In consequence of the praises he heard bestowed on the two friends, the Spanish Ambassador urged them to visit Madrid; assuring them that they would be most graciously received by the Prince of Asturias, who was

\* From "Le Guide Musical."

† "Notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de Boccherini, suivie d'un catalogue raisonné de toutes ses œuvres, tant publiées qu'inédites." Paris, 1851, octavo, 135 pages, two portraits.

The author, M. Picquot, was twenty years collecting his materials, and neglecting nothing to render them as complete as possible. A great number of manuscripts in Boccherini's own handwriting, most of them being from the musical library of Armand Séguin, formerly a superior officer of the commissariat; the collection formed by that amateur of all the editions of whatever works of the celebrated composer were ever published; the thematic and chronological catalogue drawn up by Boccherini himself of all his works, and for the which M. Picquot was indebted to the great violinist, Baillot—all these highly important documents, and lastly the correspondences he maintained with Boccherini's grandson in Madrid, have enabled the intelligent biographer to invest his book, despite the great difficulties such a task presented, with the merit of the most scrupulous exactitude, a quality about which our critics, at so much a page, do not trouble themselves greatly now-a-days.

M. Picquot has not aimed merely at drawing up a catalogue as correct as possible; he considered it his duty to accompany every work with bibliographical, historical, or critical observations, in order to show the reader the plan which it would be desirable to pursue in compiling the catalogues of the works of all great writers.

\* This is stated on the authority of Rietz's description of the separate vocal and instrumental parts and of the score, all in Bach's handwriting; some printed editions contain these designations.

very fond of music, and reigned subsequently under the name of Charles IV. Charmed with the proposal, which seemed to promise him a magnificent future, Boccherini set out with his friend about the end of 1768, or at the commencement of 1769, for the capital of Spain, the first accompanied by dreams of glory, the second, of a more material cast of mind, more especially sensible to the favor of fortune.

Boccherini arrived at Madrid, with his third book of Trios, which he lost no time in dedicating to the Prince of Asturias. Immediately afterwards, he composed a concerto *a più stromenti obbligati*. What effect was produced by these two works on the mind of the King and that of his eldest son in Boccherini's favor, we do not exactly know; but it is certain that the great composer did not obtain the distinction due to his merit, since neither the King, nor the heir presumptive thought of taking him into their service. It was the Infant, Don Louis, brother of Charles III., who atoned for this act of injustice. We observe, consequently, that from this same year, 1769, Boccherini wrote for his patron six quartets (engraved as Op. 6) which he dedicated to him, assuming the title of *compositore e virtuoso di camera, di S. A. R., Don Luigi, Infante d'Isipania*. This unique qualification was invariably repeated on the title page of all Boccherini's manuscripts, without any other titles whatever, till the Infant's death, which occurred on 7th August 1785. From that date, however, we find Boccherini enumerating with a certain amount of complacency the other titles conferred on him. Thus, for instance, we read pretty frequently, "*Composti di Luigi Boccherini, professore di musica all' actual servizio di S. M. C., compositore di camera di S. M. Prussiana e direttore del concerto dell' eccellentissima smora, Contessa di Benavente, Duchessa di Ossuna, di Grandia*," etc., etc. But he frequently omits most of his titles, retaining only that of chamber composer to King Frederick William II., from whom he received a pension, and for whom he wrote, from 1787 to 1797, all the works his genius produced during that period.

These circumstances, ignored by all his biographers, evidently prove that, for the first sixteen years, Boccherini had no patron but the Infant, Don Louis; that the interest which Charles III. and the Prince of Asturias did him the honor of taking in him was extremely problematical, and that, far from undertaking to compose every year for their private musical establishment nine pieces, he did not even think of dedicating to them a single work. From 1787, he worked exclusively for the King of Prussia, Frederick William II., and subsequently for Lucien Bonaparte.

Boccherini was too conscious of his own worth, and too eager for glory to permit the finest inspirations of his muse to be buried in the dust of a library, even though the latter were a royal library. He wanted his works to be published and circulated, and the proof of this is that, when composing for the private use either of the Infant Don Louis, or for that of Frederick William II., or for that of Lucien Bonaparte, he sent, indiscriminately, copies of all his productions to those foreign publishers who enjoyed his confidence.

When Boccherini went to settle in Madrid, the Prince of Asturias had at the head of his musical establishment Gaetano Brunetti, a good violinist and distinguished composer. The arrival of the Luca composer excited Brunetti's jealousy, for he feared he should have to share with another that favor which he desired to preserve for himself alone. Possessed of a subtle and intriguing mind, Brunetti neglected no means of alienating his master from Boccherini. The Prince of Asturias, however, never showed his real feeling for Boccherini, till a fortuitous circumstance placed it in a strong light. Don Louis, who was the uncle of Charles IV., then Prince of Asturias, took Boccherini one day to his nephew's in order that the Prince might hear some new *quintetti* of the composer's. The music was opened upon the desks. Charles took up his bow, for he always played the first violin part. Now, in this part, there figured a run which was very long, and extremely monotonous. The two notes, C, B, C, B, were constantly repeated in rapid succession. The Prince began bravely, and continued playing; he was so absorbed by what he was doing himself, that he did not hear the ingenious chords which imparted interest to the composition as a whole. He grew impatient, and his bad humor burst forth. Laying down his violin, he rose, and said: "It is pitiable! a schoolboy would do as well."—"Be kind enough your Highness, to listen to what the second violin and tenor are executing, and to the *pizzicato* executed at the same time by the violoncello; the run loses its monotonous character directly the other instruments take part in the conversation."—"C, B, C, B, for half an hour! A lively conversation! Schoolboy's music; bad schoolboy's music, too!"—"Before pro-

nouncing such an opinion, your Highness, a person ought to be capable of judging!"—"Insolent scoundrel," exclaimed Charles, and springing forward with rage, he seized Boccherini by his clothes. Bearing him in his extended arms, he thrust him out of the window, and held him hanging in the air. "Ah! think of your religion Prince!" exclaimed the Princess of Asturias. At these words, the Prince turned half round upon his heel, and Boccherini, thus borne back again inside, was flung violently into the next room.

The new King of Spain, the successor of Charles III., could never forget the insult offered to the Prince of Asturias. Nevertheless, he thought he made the rights of his offended majesty square with the patronage which it was his glory to bestow on artists, by confirming the allowance which the King, his father, had granted Boccherini, immediately after the death of the Infant, Don Louis. But he contented himself with this, and would neither see the composer again nor even play his music. All the solicitations, all the prayers of those who sought to induce him to entertain once again better and more just sentiments were so badly received that the name of the great man ceased to be pronounced at Court. "Who still speaks to me of Boccherini," he replied abruptly to those unlucky individuals who pleaded for the musician. "Boccherini is dead; let that be well known; and let me hear no more about him!"

Bearing with him everywhere his implacable hatred, if he happened to meet in his walks the poor fellow in disgrace, though he saluted courteously every one else, he pretended not to observe him, precisely as though he had never known him. This hatred, kept up and heightened by the jealousy of Brunetti, never ceased to torment, like a canker-worm, the inconsolable and too sensitive Boccherini, distinguished, as his only set off, by the empty title of organist *in partibus* of the Royal chapel. It was in allusion to the duty which he did not perform, but which was the reason assigned for granting him the modest salary that he enjoyed subsequently to his patron's decease, that he sometimes added to the titles of his scores the words: *All' actual servizio di S. M. C.*, to imply, no doubt, that he held himself at the King's disposal.

Thus slighted and despised, Boccherini made up his mind to find, beyond the limits of Spain, some one, of a more just and more enlightened mind, who would appreciate him as he deserved. Among those sovereigns who were very fond of music, Frederick William II. was then distinguished as much by his munificence to artists, as by his passionate taste for the violoncello, which he played admirably. Boccherini thought of dedicating to him one of his works, and carried out his purpose through the medium of the Prussian ambassador at the Court of Madrid. It was not long before he received from the royal virtuoso a most gracious letter, accompanied by a superb snuff box, filled with ducats, and a diploma as Chamber Musician to his Majesty. From that day, Boccherini wrote exclusively for Frederick William II., as is proved by all his manuscripts subsequent to 1787. Ten years passed by in this manner, without making any change in Boccherini's position. The loss of his first patron, the Infant Don Louis, rendered still more sensible by the ingratitude of the Court, had caused him to lead a retired life, divided between his attention to a numerous family, his labors, and the exercise of gentle piety. Endowed with a fancy and fertility, both equally marvellous, and drawing his inspirations seemingly from an inexhaustible source, he took up, laid aside, and resumed his pen with the same facility, and without the current of his ideas suffering the least in consequence.

When the bell of the parish church was heard, he left the pen for the prayer book. A stranger to the world which ignored him, and living a religious life in the bosom of his family, surrounded by a few friends, and obliged, moreover, to give up the violoncello, in consequence of spitting blood, he forwarded his compositions to the Prussian monarch without having heard them performed. What a pleasure it must have been to him, therefore, when, having made the acquaintance of the Marquis de Benavente, he was enabled, twice a week, to hear the delicious inspirations of his muse. Twice married, Boccherini had the misfortune to lose, immediately after each other, two grown up daughters, and to see his second wife expire in a fit of apoplexy. But this sad and cruel separation, which embittered the remainder of his days, did not exhaust the rigor of destiny. He sustained a fresh blow by the death of Frederick William II., which deprived him of the greater part of his modest income. Thus pursued and overwhelmed by his misfortunes, the great man supported his woes like a Christian. When the French Republic selected to represent it at Madrid an enlightened lover of art, Lucien Bonaparte, who knew how to welcome

and to honor talent, Boccherini placed under his patronage six quintets for the piano, dedicated to France. From that moment the ambassador's house, table and purse were at the disposal of the celebrated artist. Boccherini's old age appeared to be beyond the reach of fresh vicissitudes. This was a mistake! The recall of Lucien and the grave state of events combined to plunge him into renewed distress.

It was after the death of Frederick William II. that Boccherini began to achieve some little celebrity among his adopted compatriots, in the midst of whom he had lived thirty years without their being aware of the existence of such a person. The following was the way in which his reputation was extended among the higher classes, and was attended with some slight pecuniary advantage to himself.

The Marquis Benavente excelled upon the guitar, an instrument dear to every true Spaniard. He begged Boccherini to write a guitar-part for him in any quartet he might chose, at 100 francs each quartet. Some other rich amateurs did the same. Despite the resources which he derived for the moment from this work, such was the poverty of the delightful composer, that, when Mme. Gail saw him at Madrid, in 1803, he had only one room for himself and his family. When he wanted to work quietly, he retired, by the aid of a ladder, into a sort of wooden penthouse, constructed against the wall, and garnished with a chair, a table, and an old tenor, minus three strings. It was while his affairs were in this precarious state that his strict probity caused him to refuse 1000 francs for a three-part *Stabat*, because he had previously promised to let Stieber, the publisher, have it for less than a third of the sum. At length, overwhelmed by sorrows, the great artist expired, after a short illness, on the 28th May, 1805, aged sixty-five. His funeral, as modest as his life, had no pomp about it, and his sole escort consisted of a few friends.

At the present day there is only one descendant living of the celebrated composer. All his children are dead. The last, Don José, keeper of the records to the Marquis of Seralbo, died in December, 1847, leaving a son, Don Fernando Boccherini, a professor in the Academy of Arts, at Madrid, and the only one who bears this great name.

Boccherini's original works, not including those for the voice, consist of 366 pieces, published and unpublished.—*Lond. Mus. World*.

### Our Amateur Musical Societies. (NEW YORK).

AMERICAN.

In a former article we spoke of our German musical clubs, their system of organization, the work they accomplished, and the pleasures they enjoyed. In the present one we will refer to the best known of those musical societies of the city composed of Americans.

And first let us say that the great want that we have in this direction is a chorus worthy of the greatness of the metropolis. So many jealousies are and always have been at work that it has seemed impossible to gather in one body a really strong choral force. We have a sufficiency of good singers, but they have subdivided themselves into little bands, and dissipated their strength without any compensating gain.

We look forward to the time when some man with energy and brains, and money for the work will collect together a society capable of performing the great works of the oratorio writers in a fitting manner, and will provide it with a suitable singing-hall. Perhaps the forthcoming Beethoven festival may stimulate the right spirit and help on this desirable end. Meantime Boston, with its noble Handel and Haydn Society, looks almost with derision on our feeble attempts at chorus singing. And we can find our only consolation in referring with pride to the glorious orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, to which no other city in the Union has one at all to compare in numbers or in excellence, and which indeed may even challenge comparison with the Gewandhaus, the Paris Conservatoire, and the other famous orchestras of Europe.

The oldest of our choral societies and the most numerous is the Harmonic. The old Mendelssohn Union was an offshoot from the Harmonic, and the Berge Choral Union was an offshoot from the present Mendelssohn Union—a very fair example of the way in which our clubs dilute their strength. The Harmonic Society was organized in 1852, and has been, during most of its existence, under the leadership of Bristow, Morgan, and Ritter—the last named being at present the conductor and main-stay of the society. The best gift that this organization brings to the public is the annual performance on Christmas night of

the *Messiah*, a noble task persisted in steadfastly for eighteen years. This is about the only public appearance that the society at present makes. They work diligently at the great compositions of the masters at their practice hall, which is the lecture-room of Dr. Crosby's church on Fourth Avenue.

Much discouragement exists in the society: firstly, because they cannot get their members to attend rehearsals; and secondly, because the public won't interest itself in oratorio music. This discouragement has extended itself to the conductor, Mr. Ritter, who appeared the other day in the *World* in a very gloomy letter, in which he refers to the many obstacles that he and the society have to contend with. Out of some three hundred members, not more than seventy or eighty can be gathered at the rehearsals, and this is a chill upon the enthusiasm of those who do come. Heavy fines fail to meet the difficulty, for then the delinquents resign. The Mendelssohn Union languishes under the same trouble. Last year it received a stimulus from the leadership of Theodore Thomas and the co-operation of his orchestra, and brought out under these auspices some compositions of the highest excellence; but Mr. Thomas and his orchestra having "gone a-roaming," the Union has disappeared from public notice.

The Berge Choral Union is, as we have said, composed of secessionists from the Mendelssohn Union. It is under the direction of Mr. William Berge, the well-known organist of St. Stephen's church, and though not very efficient in point of numbers is full of zeal and of faith in its leader. This society has given but one concert this season, and that took place on the 28th of December, at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. An oratorio by Gounod, entitled *Tobias*, was then brought out for the first time, so far as we are aware, in this country. The president of the association is Mr. John A. Godfrey; its affairs are administered with discretion; and the compositions that are performed are of a high standard, and are mostly of a religious character.

The youngest organization devoted to the practice of ecclesiastical music is the Church Music Association. It came into existence the present winter, and gave its first concert on the 12th of January. The other societies of which we have spoken, and indeed the most of those to which we shall refer in this article, are made up of members of the different church choirs of the city; but the Church Music Association has recruited from another class—those of our amateurs of the highest social position. The enterprise was set on foot by some of our most distinguished citizens, and upon the executive committee are the names of ladies equally well known. The chorus is composed of nearly all the most famous of the amateurs of the city, such as Miss Parker, Miss Reed, the Rev. Wm. H. Cooke, Mr. Horace Barry, Mrs. Woolsey Johnson, Mrs. Geo. T. Strong, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. David Watts, and others of like character. This organization has a wide field entirely to itself, for there are hundreds of amateurs of musical cultivation in this city, who have never felt willing to join any chorus that sang for money, or in other words, to become public singers, but who are not only too glad to identify themselves with a society like this, supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, giving private concerts, and having only invited audiences. The concerts take place at Steinway Hall. The first one, given on the 12th instant, was undoubtedly, in point at least of the character of the audience, the most brilliant ever known in this city. As the invitations intimated to the guests that they were expected to come in evening dress, the large hall was filled with an audience of unusually brilliant not to say gorgeous appearance. The chorus was even more elaborately dressed than the audience, and the honest German orchestra looked thoroughly astonished to find itself hemmed in between such unaccustomed splendors. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the dandies made, in a fight, his bravest officers; and certainly this chorus in its powdered hair and diamonds sang as valiantly as though they were dressed in homespun, and had come to the concert in an omnibus.

The expenses are defrayed by subscription. Fifty per cent formed the nucleus, subscribing one hundred dollars each, and having some twenty-five tickets for each concert and rehearsal, wherewith to invite their friends. The music was Mozart's *Troelfth Mass*, and the first part of *Oberon*. The conductor is Dr. James Peck, who received his musical doctorate from Oxford. There are various opinions as to his competency as a conductor, though there is but one as to his energy and good will. At the rehearsals his frantic shouts at his chorus can be heard over the din of chorus and instruments, and his natural energy even at the concert found expression in beating time with his feet, greatly to the annoyance of his audience and the discomfort of his orchestra. Mr. Peck has been accustomed to drill refractory choir

boys, and treats the "silken wonders" who compose his chorus much after the fashion that he has applied to the unruly urchins. A German orchestra is always restless under any but a German leader, and so there is some trouble already, and quite probably more brewing, in the would-be harmonious Church Association. Two more concerts are to be given by the society this winter, one on the 1st of March and the other on the 18th of May. At the first, Haydn's *Sixteenth Mass* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* are to be performed; at the latter, Beethoven's difficult *Mass in C*, which will sift the pretensions and capacities of this chorus of the elect to the uttermost, and the second part of *Oberon*.

Several of our leading teachers of music have clubs under their direction. The most conspicuous of these are those under the charge severally of Mr. Rivarde, Mr. Abella, and Mr. Mosenthal. This last gentleman, who is the accomplished organist of Calvary church, has the direction of two clubs, one for mixed voices, the moving spirits in which are ladies, and which is to make its first public appearance at a concert to be given at the Christian Association Rooms on the 29th of this month, for some charity, and will then sing some of Mendelssohn's four-part songs and a cantata by Spohr.

The other association is composed of male voices alone, and is known as the Mendelssohn Glee Club. This society consists of about thirty singing members and seventy-five subscribers. They give four concerts during the winter to invited guests. Mr. Mosenthal has brought the club to a high point of finish, and has made them formidable rivals of the Liederkranz and the Arion, which societies they equal in the delicacy of their singing, though the superior numbers of the Germans give them otherwise a great advantage. The music performed by the Mendelssohn Glee Club consists entirely of German four-part songs, though English versions of the words are used instead of the original. The next concert of this society takes place on the 26th of this month at Lyric Hall. The club is usually assisted by some distinguished amateur vocalist and a pianist.

The Eight o'Clock Club—so called from its hour of assembling—is under the direction of Signor Abella. Its rehearsals are held at the private houses of the members. Miss Chapman is the President of the Club, Mr. Pierrepont Edwards (English Vice-Consul) is the Vice-President, Dr. Mason the Secretary, and Signor Martinez (an artist of some distinction) the Treasurer. This society confines itself mostly to the Italian school of music. They give three concerts this winter, the first of which is to take place on the 26th of this month, the other two later in the season. Some admirable soloists belong to the Eight o'Clock Club, and their concerts, to which only invited guests are admitted, are of a very select and social character, and, like those of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, have all the characteristics of private drawing-room concerts on a large scale.

The Rivarde Club is under the leadership of the well-known teacher of vocal music whose name it bears. It consists mostly of those who are, or who at one time have been, his pupils. The club has shown great enterprise, and last year organized an orchestra, partly amateur and partly professional, which accompanied the soloists and played overtures by Mozart, Auber, and other composers. The concerts are on a very extensive scale, and are given at Apollo Hall. About two thousand invitations are issued to each concert. As in the case of the Church Music Association, the Mendelssohn Club, and the Eight o'Clock Club, cards of admission are obtainable only for love, not money. Many of Mr. Rivarde's pupils have shown great proficiency and talent, and have made the concerts of the club of a greater excellence than most of the public concerts given in the city. It is always a pleasure for a vocalist to sing with an orchestra: it sustains the voice so admirably and supports the singer in every way, this advantage the members of this club have over all the others.

It remains only to say a word about our madrigal clubs. Of these, unfortunately, there are two where there should be but one. The same lack of unity and the same feelings of jealousy that have disintegrated our oratorio societies have broken the madrigal society into two parts. One half is singing under the direction of Dr. Brown, an eminent homoeopathic physician, and besides the madrigals is rehearsing the fine "Antigone" music written by Mendelssohn to the Sophocles tragedy; while the other half, under the leadership of Mr. James A. Johnson, gave on Tuesday evening a concert at Steinway Hall, consisting of an admirably selected programme of these enjoyable, fresh, vigorous old works.

It will readily be seen from the brief account we have given of our amateur clubs that there is a great deal of musical talent in this city, and that it is crystallizing into forms that will lead to great pleasure

for those who participate as well as for those who listen. It is worthy of remark that none of these clubs are led by Americans, which is another evidence of what we said in a former article, that people here were simply in a state of pupillage as to music. Most of the clubs we have named have sprung up within a few years, and it is reasonable to suppose that as musical taste is fostered, encouraged and developed, more will follow. The tendency of them all is excellent. They cultivate a taste for a high class of music, they substitute a refined and rational mode of enjoyment for endless dancing parties, they bring people of similar tastes into closer social contact, strengthen the bonds of friendship, and in every way are a help to culture of every kind.—*Nation*.

### The Pope and Church Music.

(From the London Orchestra).

Rome is now crammed with all that is learned and distinguished in the Roman Church, assembled for the purpose, as it would seem, of declaring its chief the greatest despot upon earth, and decreeing orders and interdicts which can only tend to the disestablishment of the Papacy as a power in Europe and certain disruption of the ecclesiastical body. The Committees have been appointed; and we had hoped that the subject of church music would have formed an early and a foremost consideration; but this assembly of bishops appear to have lost sight of its real use and value in their zeal to define doctrines and powers which, if not over-ruled, will cause a breach of the peace throughout Christendom. Italy has been the source of all art-music in the sanctuary from the times of S. Gregory and Guido d'Arezzo, if there be excepted the period of the dire wars in mediæval times when the Flemish musicians so vigorously and skillfully carried on the advance, and were not a little assisted by the composers of France. There was a time when Rome was glad to seek musical aid from Flanders and Picardy, when the chapels and churches of the Pope and the Princes of Italy were filled with choirs of Flemish and French growth, and when the popular new Mass was the production not of a Roman or Venetian composer, but of a foreigner from the north. Goudimel, the master of Palestrina, learnt his art in France; Adrian Willaert studied in Holland; and the great school of Venice owed its birth to the Dutchman, J. Monton, whose favorite pupil Constanza Porta did so much for the advance of great counterpoint throughout Italy. In return Italy educated Lulli, the man who recreated music in France; made Rameau, its great teacher; and indirectly made our Henry Purcell, the only genius in this country scholastically educated in all the mysteries of musical art. His education, unfortunately for England and English church music, was not followed up, although we can plainly trace its high value in the works of Humphries, and its pale reflection in the sweet anthems of Weldon. All that Henry Purcell did in the creation of phrase, the forms of melody, the disposition of the new tonal chromatic harmony came from Italian teaching; and great as was this composer in counterpoint and musical design, the whole intention, power, and beauty was the reflection of a warmer and a higher luminary. The School of Rome has been a great school; and although Venice, Naples, and Bologna have severally supplied the finest of models in ecclesiastical composition, it can never be forgotten that Palestrina and his pupils first shot ahead, gave the examples, and perfected the style. Rome instructed all Europe in every branch of the arts. In music for the violin, the organ, the orchestra; in the song and recitative, the sonata and the concerto, the motet and the Mass, Rome and Italy preceded all other countries and furnished the world with its *chefs d'œuvre*. In refinement of execution in instrumental music she stood foremost, and long maintained her superiority in all methods of vocalization. It has been said that much of this pre-eminence was the result of climate and the natural organization of the Italian, but we should rather incline to attribute it to the high value put upon music by the priesthood, and the great pains taken in the ecclesiastical seminaries to lay down the true principles of education in the art and science. The conservatoires possessed the

finest models, and art and science was taught orally, the master spoke the word and did the thing—the true way by which the most accomplished artists have ever been taught.

Rome has now ceased to be an authority, and has lost her supreme sway over the destinies of music in Christendom. There is, of course, a general knowledge of music both practical and theoretical, but the great body of musicians is not a learned body, and there has been a sensible decay, if not degradation, in the production of music for this city of churches. There is no rare talent, and not much that surpasses mediocrity. The Pope forbids the opera, eschews the brilliant Mass of the last century, and places his ban upon the extravagances of the French church school of the present day. There is no progress, for there is no patronage; no modification, for there is no education; no impulse to genius, for there is no care, no zeal, and no nurture. The Council, we hear, intend to discuss some outside and unimportant matters; such as whether or not the antique Gregorian shall for the future be written on five lines instead of four; whether or not the old cantilenas shall be measured off in language rhythms, and the ancient music of the church be twisted into certain fixed metrical shapes; whether or not women's voices shall be permitted, or all soprano singing be abandoned, and the Mass be made a composition for equal voices. All this is very silly and laughable enough when proceeding from old gentlemen who claim to be ever in the right, and by no possibility in the wrong. The hierarchy of the Roman Church may determine to know nothing of music outside their church, they may ignore what is going on in France, Belgium, Germany, and England; but there will be no miracle vouchsafed in Rome, no special variation of the laws of cause and effect. If Rome eschews the training of a composer, if she declines to foster public and special academies for the creation and continuance of her church music, if she will not give her children the education necessary for the result, she must be content to go on with what she has, thank her stars for Palestrina and his disciples, and shut her eyes and ears to what Providence affords to those who put the shoulder to the wheel, and find the benefit of so doing. There is no reaping without sowing; and if Rome persists in refusing all tillage she must feed on the sheaves of past harvests and look forward to the times of scant and starvation. Never was the time in the history of the Church so pressing and so important as now. The traditional features of ecclesiastical music are all changing; counterpoint has lost its language *schemata*; the new motets and anthems are a string of chords, or a bad organ voluntary; all life and power is departing from the vocal fugue; unity in movement and logical accuracy in expression are rarities; and every man permits his taste, however fatiguing and disgusting, to have full play, and to render the service of the church a thing scandalous if not indeed horrible. The revolution which has taken place in high contrapuntal music for worship can only lead to the destruction of the true and grand school. The constant contemplation of corruption has no connection with growth in life; it is only the dead that lie amongst the dead.

The Pope is fond of the old times, and is going back to the period of Gregory II., proclaiming himself a second Deity. But the Popes in the old days gave music their first thought; were sedulous in promoting its progress and careful in correcting all abuses. The Popes in former days made all composers, their choirs, their grand singers. The ancient Chapel Master was the pet child of the Court and the Sanctuary; they were the foremost men in their art and profession. Where now are such scholars to be found in the Roman Church? Let us take England. What is there to be heard in the new pro-cathedral in the High Street, Kensington? What in the cathedrals in Moorfields and in Southwark? What in Dr. Manning's pet church of St. Mary and All Angels, Bayswater; or even with the bare-footed white friars at the Vicarage Gardens, Kensington? If what is to be heard in their churches be reflections from Rome, she must have

sunk into the abysses of abomination and desolation. Raucous male voices, screaming and tuneless boys' voices, uneducated accompanists, the ancient ritual music without rule or order, absurd modern chants, and service music marked by much ignorance and bad taste. The real mischief lies in the total ignorance of the clergy, and their sublime indifference to the wants of the congregations. Instead of giving the people the Kyrie Eleison, the Creed, and the Gloria to sing in concert with them, and making the service of some interest and some work with the congregation, the priests walk off, sit down aside, put on their caps, and leave the praise and glory of God to the scanty choir earning their few halfpence in a far-off gallery. Surely a grand choir Introit, a choir gradual, sequence, a tract; a choice Benedictus and a noble post-communion motet would give ample opportunities for the choir. Why take the bread out of the children's mouths and offer them a stone? Let Rome say what it will, the congregations have a right to the Gloria and Credo; and the present system of keeping people on their knees or on their seats when they should be standing up and praising God is most mischievous and most deplorable. No casuistry, no diplomacy, no pretence of argument can uphold it.

The Pope and the Council have nothing to lose in their consideration of the state of the Roman church music, but on the contrary much to gain. Let them walk in the old paths, set up the schools again, create a new school of both congregational and choir music—both necessities in the present day—and their meeting in council may hereafter be recorded as of great value in this respect. Music can do them no harm, although their mode of treating it may not be infallible.

#### M. Auber's 'Dream of Love.'

The last musical production of wonderful M. Auber, who is advancing well on in his ninth decade, is a rosewater work. That the result of labor so late in life would add much to M. Auber's reputation, nobody could suppose: it is much to add that it has not hurt his fame. "*La Réve d'Amour*" is a pretty idyllic work, full of grace and humor, and consorting well with the Arcadian and utterly unreal character of the libretto. MM. D'Ennery and Cormon are not calculated to throw Scribe into the shade. The "*Dream of Love*" illustrates a very primitive and innocent method of securing happiness: the peasant hero brings down the doves of Venus with a pinch of salt on their tails. Marcel, the rustic youth in question, is a young dreamer of the silk tight and satin ribbon order of peasantry, almost as infrequent, and a good deal less objectionable, than Mr. Robertson's *Harlequin* in "*Dreams*." He roams through a wood and finds a sleeping beauty, with whom he falls in love. He imprints a kiss—*sur le front*, of course: your stage Frenchman is always respectful to an unmarried woman—and then runs away. Who she is Marcel cannot discover. Time passes; and, lured by the love of his cousin, Denise, he agrees to marry her. The feast is prepared, when a crowd of high-born lords and ladies make an irruption from the neighboring chateau, and come upon the wedding party. Among these Marcel recognizes his sleeping beauty of the wood, now Mlle. Henriette de la Roche-Villers. Again poor Marcel runs away, leaving bride, breakfast, marriage and mediocrity.

Now Mlle. Henriette de la Roche-Villers is the proud wearer of an old name, who scorns the pretensions of a *Chevalier de Bois-Fleur*, on the ground that he is too recent. She draws the line at a couple of hundred years of ancestry, and is as particular as the recruiting officer of the Pope's Noble Guard. The mad love of a common Marcel is therefore of a nature to cause the noble nose of Mademoiselle to erect itself. But as pride goeth before destruction, MM. d'Ennery and Cormon prepare a dreadful retribution for Mademoiselle, and that scornful young lady—who is a mixture of Lady Clara Vere de Vere and the other Tennysonian Lady Clare—is informed by the *Chevalier* that she is not a *Roche-Villers* at all, but merely peasant-born, her reputed father having purchased her, while a baby, from one of his tenants. To make matters worse, she is sister to Denise, the girl who loves Marcel; a relationship which brings into conflict inclination and duty. For whereas she is at first disposed—upon discovering her real station—to reward the devotion of one who is at all events now her equal in rank, she finds that Denise has loved him for long, and thus she determines to forward the happiness of her new found sister in preference to her own.

By the exercise of some interest she secures the promotion of Marcel, who has entered the army. He comes back an officer, and then Henriette takes him in hand, and by a white lie—persuading him in fact that he is actually her brother—induces him to marry Denise, while Henriette gives her hand to the faithful *Chevalier*.

Of this idyllic nature is the plot of the piece. As to the music, it is pretty and agreeable, though less happy than that of "*Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*." The overture is crossed with a six-eight pastoral, in which the hautbois and clarinet answer each other with rather good effect. A peasant-like introduction exhibits the seal of the master, and the first act has a melody for Marcel, "*A l'ombre de nos bois*," with an excellent bit of recitative: this romance usually draws down an encore. A rondo may also be mentioned, coquettishly sung by Mlle. Girard, commencing—

Ce qu'on voit faire  
On veut le faire.

Still better is a pretty duet, for Henriette and the *Chevalier*.

Qu'ils sont charmants,  
Les courts instants,

the principal phrase of which is exceedingly graceful, and forms a happy contrast with the *paysan* music preceding it. The finale to this Act exhibits a singular chromatic effect, and a short page of sombre color well imagined.

In the second Act a song for the *Chevalier* is also mostly *bisè*. In this Act there is a game of blind-man's buff, which affords M. Auber the opportunity for some capital writing; a syncopated waltz is introduced, and the scene throughout is admirably scored. Passing over a grand duet for Marcel and Henriette as more ambitious than successful, we have to mention in the finale a soldier's song of attractive character, with a very original clarinet accompaniment. Between the second and third divisions of the opera, M. Auber, faithful to the manner of the Opera Comique, gives us a little entr'acte gavotte, something in the style of a slow polka. Then, after a romance for Denise, comes the gem of the work in the shape of a buffo trio, conceived in a pure vein of rollicking comedy.

"Dans un bon ménage  
Qui doit commander?"

asks the *Chevalier*. To which Denise and Marcel reply, and the result is a fresh and sparkling number in Auber's best style.

The composer is lucky in his executants. Mlle. Girard, who acts Denise is an artist on whom the peasant role always sits naturally and gracefully. The Henriette is a debutante, Mlle. Priola: a young lady whose fresh, velvety and *bien timbrée* voice and artistic taste leave many hopeful things to be expected of her. M. Capoul, the tenor, maintains popularity—chiefly among the ladies; though his voice has shown of late the effects of wear and tear. M. Gailhard, the *Chevalier de Sainte Foy*, has a magnificent organ which he knows how to put to the best use. The costumes are pretty, the decorations excellent. In the second act a well-known picture by Lancret called "*Le Balançoire*" is realized in so admirable a manner as to elicit many rounds of applause nightly. On the whole "*La Réve d'Amour*" seems likely to obtain, as it deserves, the compliment of a respectable run.—*Orchestra*, Jan. 7.

## Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, JAN. 20.—An invitation concert at Chickering's Rooms, last night, deserves mention, not only as an enjoyable evening, but also as an event of no little interest and significance in the musical world. For this "*Soirée Musicale*" we are indebted to M. and Mme. Frederic Guzman, the Chilean pianists, whose playing, for two winter's past, created so much enthusiasm among the musicians and critics of Paris. This soirée at Chickering's only added one to many opportunities of hearing these artists, together and separate, which I have enjoyed since their arrival in America. The invitations numbered about 200, and were extended mainly to critics and musicians, and, though the evening was badly timed, our best reporters being in attendance at Miss Mehlig's concert in Steinway Hall; the fine rooms of Messrs. Chickering & Co., were nevertheless well filled by an audience capable of listening and judging.

Mr. Guzman is a native of Santiago, Chili, and was associated with Gottschalk while the lamented

artist was giving concerts in Valparaiso and Santiago. M. Guzman has since passed several years in Europe, devoting his time to a careful study of classical music, which, need it be said, is almost unknown in his own country. He is now, probably, the best living representation of the style in which Gottschalk was pre-eminent—while, at the same time he has another style, entirely different, which we ascribe to the influence of Chopin's music later in life. M. Guzman on this occasion played Weber's *Polonaise* in E, to which he gave full and free interpretation, displaying at the same time a wonderful technique; a *Nocturno* of his own composition (*Souvenir* in D); and, for an encore, a waltz in A minor, also his own. Both of these are works of great merit, and were played with exquisite delicacy and grace.

But the unique feature of the concert was the playing of several Duos for the piano, by M. Guzman, assisted by his wife, herself an artist of uncommon ability. These pieces comprised the famous Duo by Kalkbrenner; a March, *La Victoire*, by M. Guzman; and a number of Cuban Dances for four hands by Gottschalk. It has never before been my fortune to hear two artists play together with such perfect unity, such *elan*, such *abandon*. The effect—above all in the Cuban dances—was amazing, and resembles nothing which I have ever heard. The gifted artists were frequently recalled, and the murmurs of surprise and curiosity heard on all sides bore ample testimony of their success.

They will soon give a public concert at Steinway Hall, and will, undoubtedly, make a sensation here this winter. They were assisted last evening by Miss Jenny Landsman, who sang several pieces with excellent effect.

A. A. C.

BERLIN.—(Extracts from a private letter). A Quartet Soirée with Joachim playing the first violin! The E-flat quartet of Mendelssohn, C major of Haydn and D minor of Schubert. I have enjoyed a great deal of music in Berlin, but no programme has been so enjoyable throughout as this. The ensemble playing was perfect; I had never heard or dreamed of such violin playing as Joachim's. Such varied expression, such jollity and comic humor in the Haydn, such tenderness and such fire in the Schubert! I have heard Joachim twice before, but always at a great distance, for when we first came to Berlin we had to trust to the *Hausdiener* to get our tickets, now we get our tickets ourselves and get much better seats. We were quite fortunate yesterday, for nearly all the best seats and nearly all the good ones were taken by subscribers; and just as we were debating about taking the only seats that were at our disposal, a servant of Prince Radziwill came to return his master's tickets, four I think, as the Prince was ill and neither he nor his family could go to the concert. We reaped the advantage of his economy and got two seats very near, as near as possible to the performers. Good concerts are expensive here; I paid \$1.50 currency for my ticket last night. All the concerts have been as much as \$1.00; then you have to pay for the care of your wraps in the cloak room, and sometimes for your programme. I have heard one orchestral concert here, one of a regular series given by the royal orchestra. They gave Overture to the *Abencerrages* by Cherubini, Overture to *Manfred* by Schumann, Jupiter Symphony, Mozart, and Beethoven's G major Pianoforte Concerto, played by Ober-Kapellmeister Taubert. I had never heard of him except as a composer, principally of songs, and was surprised and delighted at his playing. It seemed to me that the orchestra played the accompaniments to the Concerto better than they did any thing else; they were wonderfully played. Then I have heard the Dom Chor of boys, who sing without accompaniment, the Kozoltverein of mixed voices, who also sing without accompaniment, and last Sunday evening I heard the Sing Academie give Mozart's Requiem, Bach's Can-

tata, "Gottes Zeit ist der alle beste Zeit," and a chorus "Bleib bei uns" and Choral also by Bach.

I have been disappointed in the Opera here, that is in the solo singers. The operas are splendidly put upon the stage, the scenery very beautiful; the scene in *Oberon* when Rezia sings "Ocean thou mighty monster," was more effective than I had imagined anything could be upon the stage. The waves come rolling in upon the shore, the sky is covered with dark clouds and there is a storm; then the clouds break away and the sun sets clear, tinging the sea and clouds with a golden light. Then the stars come out, and in the dim light you see Oberon in a fairy boat attended by mermaids, one of whom sings the mermaid's song and the others swim about and play among the waves. But the singing was pretty poor. Rezia was passable, but the tenor was about the worst I have ever heard. I have heard three tenors and none of them are good. I expect to hear the famous one to-night, and hope at last to hear a voice worth listening to. I had supposed that every part would be done well in Germany, in the royal Opera of Berlin. I have heard Mme. Joachim twice at the same time that I heard her husband. She has a lovely voice, round and full, and she sings in such a pure, simple style that it is a real delight to hear her. Not a superfluous note or grace, her style is almost severe in its simplicity. At one concert she sang Bach's "Erbarme dich," her husband playing the violin obbligato! Imagine it! She is a concert singer and sings classical music entirely; I have heard her sing Handel, Schumann, Schubert, Bach and Marcello. She has a very sweet face, lovely figure, and her bearing on the stage is just like her singing and like the music she sings.

On account of having the Prince's seats we were among the nobles last night, surrounded by gentlemen in uniform and with lots of stars and crosses and orders of all kinds dangling on their coats. Our seats were so placed that we had a full view of the audience, and I could not help once in a while looking at the people. The hall was crowded, and every face expressed thorough enjoyment. And such stillness! One poor man who sat near me, in trying to dispose of his cane, had the ill luck to drop it, and such a noise as it made in that utter quiet! The poor fellow colored up to the roots of his hair, and looked as if he would give anything to be invisible.

Nov. 29th.—Well, I have heard Clara Schumann. She played a piano quartet of her husband's, a Sonata of Beethoven with Joachim, an Impromptu of Schubert, two songs without words of Mendelssohn, "Warum" and "Traumgeswirren" by Schumann, and Chopin's B minor Scherzo. Parts of the quartet I enjoyed very much, but it seemed to me not to be wholly in Schumann's best vein. The Beethoven was perfect. I enjoyed it more than any thing else; it was well worth all the rest. The solos were beautifully played, but I have heard them played just as well, and at the risk of being thought infatuated by those who have not heard both, I must tell you that Mme. Schumann does not not begin to play Chopin like Mr. Dresel, and I have yet to hear the person who does.

I went to the Opera last Wednesday to hear Niemann, the tenor, and was disappointed. He is a very good singer, a *tenore robusto*, a good strong, voice but no sweetness, and the part I saw him in—*Fra Diavolo*—not at all adapted to him. As a whole the opera was very well given in all the parts, much better than any I had seen before. The King was in his box and everything had to be done well. Lucca, who was Zerlina, is just the most perfect piece of prettiness I ever saw. Every feature is perfect, and she has the loveliest little figure, and she is so graceful and such a finished little actress, that she fascinates completely. I don't know whether she is capable of anything greater, but she was perfect as Zerlina, and as Angela in the *Domino Noir*.

I forgot to tell you I saw Auberbach at Clara Schumann's concerts; he is a fat, genial-looking little man, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy the music. Sunday before last was a *Todten-Fest* in Berlin. I got a wreath and for the second time made the attempt to find Mendelssohn's grave and succeeded. His grave is covered with ivy.—I enclose a leaf which I gathered—and is next that of Fanny Hensel who lies between her brother and husband, who died in 1861. On the other side of Mendelssohn lie, I suppose, two of his children, one a young boy, the other a girl 19 years old when she died in 1863; her name, Pauline Felicita, for the two brothers. His wife lies in the graveyard at Frankfort. A fresh wreath was lying on Fanny Hensel's grave.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 29, 1870.

### Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The sixth Symphony Concert crowded the Music Hall. It was the largest audience yet. The first number on the programme was the *Orchestral Suite*, in D, of J. S. Bach,—i.e. the same three pieces from it that were played here by Theodore Thomas recently. 1. *Overture*;—a broad, tranquil polyphonic movement, thoroughly genial, though of quaint, antique cut, ending with a spirited and interesting fugue. The instrumentation, besides the strings (in full force), consists only of a pair of oboes, and a pair of trumpets,—the latter partly added, we believe, by Mendelssohn. 2. The lovely *Aria*, which charmed every one. 3. The *Gavotte*, full of exulting life and joy and strength, yet perfectly self-possessed, and altogether original. Our Chamber Concert-goers will remember Mr. Dresel's piano-forte arrangement of it. The whole work is full of beauty, and of a serene, deep life. It is all wholesome music; nothing of weak sentimentality about it, nothing of false excitement. We touch Bach and are strong. The pieces were quite evenly and delicately rendered, though not with all the precision of instruments long trained to move like one; and we cannot help feeling that the native tempo of that *Gavotte* is somewhat more deliberate than as it was then taken.

Meanwhile the stage had been crowded at both ends by a hundred or more singers of both sexes, who now came forward and were massed together for the performance of the *Magnificat*, in D, by Durante, (of the Neapolitan school, pupil of A. Scarlatti, contemporary of Leo and Marcello, as well as Bach and Handel:—a great day of musicians that!). Robert Franz had given it full modern orchestral accompaniment, as befitted the large, resounding, open and triumphal character of the music. It is in the sterling old Italian church style,—again a specimen of healthy music; a noble theme is started by the sopranos, answered by a florid second theme in other voices, and the first theme passes in turn to every part,—all worked up together with masterly means of counterpoint, developing as from a vital germ.

Some of the six movements are in the minor, but the exulting tone prevails; the greatest moment in it is the short *Gloria Patri*, into which the Chorus: *Sicut locutus est* opens sublimely as into a boundless sea of praise:—wonderfully rich, grand harmony. The wide flood gates are twice closed for a moment, giving place to very brief, but beautiful duets of tender character, by soprano and alto, and by tenor and bass. Many listeners were greatly impressed by this large music. All must have felt how thoroughly vocal the composition is; those who rehearsed it quickly fell in love with it. But the general audience received it rather coldly, or as if doubtingly. To most it was an unwonted style, and needed to be heard several times. Moreover it was produced un-

der great disadvantages. In the first place the choir had to be made up of volunteers from many sources, the nucleus being a portion of the Cæcilia and the twenty members of the Brookline Club, both under the tuition of Mr. KREISSMANN; to these were added six or eight sure voices of each part from the ever ready and obliging Handel and Haydn Society, a number from the Orpheus, from the Harvard Musical Association, and several ladies of Cambridge and Boston ready to make sacrifices in their zeal for Art. The opportunities for rehearsal had been few. Then, it is one thing to rehearse in a small hall like Chickering's, and another to sing, with orchestra, on the vast platform of the Music Hall; and that Hall, occupied up to the last midnight by a three week's Fair, was not accessible to the singers to try their places and their voices in the un wonted space, until within three or four hours of the Concert. Of course much was risked: and the success, on the whole more than could have been expected, was mainly due to the earnest and inspiring efforts of the director, Mr. KREISSMANN, who infused his own valor into his little regiment. It was a good ensemble of tone quality and power; an air of culture about it; excellent material, could it be kept together as a permanent singing club connected with the Symphony Concerts.

Then came Mendelssohn's second Piano Concerto, in D minor. Indulgence was bespoken for Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, who was suffering with a lame hand; but all felt that he played it admirably, only betraying a little want of strength once or twice in the rapid octave passages, while in point of finish and expression he seemed to surpass himself.

Part II. opened with the Symphony—Schumann's No. 1, in B flat, the most familiar of the four, and probably the favorite one with most. Its unity is so complete, it soars on such strong wings, sustains itself so grandly; its promises are all so surprisingly, triumphantly fulfilled; its feeling is so deep and so intense, its purpose so unerring, that you cannot get away from it, and would not if you could. Many a touch reminds you of Beethoven, to whom no one else but Schubert ever came so near. It was perhaps the best Symphony performance that our orchestra have yet realized; all was clear and well proportioned, well subdued and blended; even the wind instruments appeared to love to keep in tune; and Mr. ZERRAHN must feel that his severe labor in rehearsal is more and more rewarded. Nothing thus far in these concerts has called forth more expressions of delight than that performance and that Symphony.

Two more choruses came next; very short and very strongly contrasted, perhaps too much so. The *Ave verum corpus* of Mozart is well-known as a pure gem of harmony. Schumann's "Zigeuner-Leben" (Gypsy Life) is very graphic music, wild, suggestive, full of genial life. Of course there is room in the subject for very picturesque accompaniment, of which Schumann has availed himself happily. From merry tambourine song and dance, to solemn legend told by crones crouching round the midnight fire, the color of the harmony keeps changing; and the bits of solo and duet issuing from all parts of the chorus, upon a lively orchestral background, are extremely interesting.—A capital rendering of Weber's *Eury-anthe* Overture closed the concert brilliantly.

The programme for next Thursday offers, for the grand attraction, Schubert's Colossal Symphony in C. Before it come the *Wasserträger* Overture by Chernbini; Beethoven's C minor Concerto, to be played by Miss ALICE DUTTON; and two male choruses: "O Isis," from the *Magic Flute*, and the Forster's Chorus (with horns, &c.) from Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose," sung by the Orpheus Society.

THE RUSSIAN SINGERS. Truly a fresh sensation, and a delightful one, was that produced on us by the first concert of Mr. DIMITRI AGRENEFF SLAVIANSKY and his choir of nine male voices, in

the Music Hall last Saturday evening. They are worthy of far more attention than they have yet received, and, could they but remain here (after the Opera is gone) and make their quality more known, their entertainments surely would be always crowded. They appear in national fancy costumes, and are men of interesting look and bearing. Mr. SLAVIANSKY himself, their leader and director, a man of noble and commanding presence, has one of the sweetest, purest, and most cultivated tenors we have heard since Mario; indeed his upper tones remind us of that singer. His middle and lower tones are rich and manly, and he sings with remarkable feeling and expression. The Cavatina by Glinka, the humorous piece called "A Farm House" of his own composition, the "Cradle Song," and above all, the wild and characteristic "Volga's Sailor Song" (also his own, and thoroughly Russian), proved him one of the very best tenors to be heard anywhere just now.

All the other pieces were choruses or part-songs, of various character, mostly, however, in the Russian minor vein, which is very winning, and sung all in the Russian language, which, like the Slavonic tongues generally, is as musical as the Italian, and more liquid. The "Song about North," rich and wild and full of variety; the deep, religious harmony of the "Cherubim Prayer;" the Russian Songs grouped together at the opening of the second part; the "Olga Waltz," "Polish Mazurka," &c., all had a fresh, original charm; and the well-known National Hymn, by Lvoff, gracefully preceded by "Viva L'America," in English, never sounded so well to our ears. We doubt if all our Arions, Liederkränze, &c., could furnish a dozen voices that could sing so admirably together. The principal basso, a dark, Oriental looking man, is like one of those great organ pipes behind him there; there he stands, straight and still,—you cannot even see his lips move, and a great round deep sub-bass tone breathes through him, sustaining the shifting harmony at times in a prolonged organ-point. The two principal baritones also are remarkable; and all the voices are of rare power and beauty, and they sing, though unaccompanied, with perfect purity and truth of intonation.—They give a Matinée this afternoon, and we advise all to go and hear them.

ERNST PERARO's second Matinée (second series) had for programme:

Sonata, Op. 93, No. 2, (E flat major).....Richter.  
Zwei Balladen. [First time in Boston].....Carl Löwe.  
Drei Clavierstücke. (Recently published). No. 2, E flat major [First time in Boston].....Schubert.  
Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1, E flat major.....Beethoven.

The Sonata by Richter,—Hauptmann's successor in old Sebastian Bach's place of Cantor at the *Thomas-Schule* in Leipzig—was quite interesting; a musician-like and genial work; the Adagio particularly impressive. The two Ballads by Loewe hardly needed words (though it was well to put them on the programme), played as they were, to bring out the delicate pathos of the one ("The Departed," a Serenade by Uhland), or the grotesque, wild, wierd fascination of Goethe's "Dance of the Dead," to which the music is singularly true at every point. The little piano piece by Schubert did not strike us as one of his most interesting. The E-flat Sonata of Beethoven,—the one coupled in the same *opus* with the "Moonlight,"—and never, that we remember, played in public here before, was exceedingly well worth hearing and was admirably rendered.

Next time we shall have a *Suite* by Bennett; the great *Etude en forme de Variations*, op. 13, by Schumann; and Beethoven's Sonata, op. 10, No. 3.

We are obliged to postpone our notice of the delightful private Soirées of the PARKER CLUB given on Friday the 14th and 21st of this month. The principal selections were the entire *Athalie* music of Mendelssohn; a Tenor Recitative and Choral from Bach's Christmas Oratorio; a *Benedictus* (Soprano Solo and Chorus) by Weber; and a selection from Gluck's *Orpheus* (Alto solo with chorus and dance of Furies).

### English Opera.

THE PAREPA ROSA troupe has been steadily growing in favor, and seldom has the Boston Theatre witnessed a nightly average of such full houses. That is certainly an English opera far superior to our past experiences in that way, that can give so charming a performance of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" as we heard on Wednesday night. That was the second time, and the house was packed from floor to ceiling. The sudden news which reached Mme. ROSA of her mother's death in London changed the programme of last week; it was a heavy blow to her, yet she has had the energy to sing in "Der Freyschütz," as Agatha; in the "Puritan's Daughter;" in "Martha," as the Lady; wonderfully well in all, and even more so, and with a fine vivacity and grace of action too, in Mozart's bewitching Susanna. She was charmingly sustained in this by Miss ROSE HERSEE as the Countess, and Mrs. SEGWIN in the pretty part of Cherubino; not badly either by Mr. CAMPBELL as Figaro, and by Mr. LAWRENCE as the Count; while the delicious orchestral music, (flowers springing all the time spontaneously as it were at the feet of the singers), and the whole ensemble, moved satisfactorily under the now sure and energetic baton of CARL ROSA. That orchestra contains some musicians who have been of note in London; among them Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, the composer, and Mr. HOWELL, an excellent contrabassist, a cousin of Parepa. But *Figaro* is played again to-night for their Finale, and we will speak of the performance more at length thereafter.

Of the other productions which we have been able to attend, we may note, first, a fine one of the "Sonnambula," in which Rose Hersee's Amina, both in song and action, was as good and true as we could wish, and Mr. CASTLE used his sweet, rich tenor with a great deal of expression. *Fra Diavolo*, perhaps, suffered less than any piece in its English dress; it was delightfully presented in nearly all respects. A more fascinating Zerlina than Rose Hersee we hardly remember. Castle sang and acted the bravo with a free and easy grace for him. Mrs. Seguin was as pretty, and sang with her pure contralto voice as artistically, in the part of Lady Allcash, as she does in all her parts, and Mr. Seguin was the true conventional Milord. Mr. CAMPBELL and Mr. HALL took the parts of Beppo and Guiseppo, not like Italians "to the manner born," but cleverly, and the former certainly sang finely. Then there have been two capital performances of "Martha,"—Mme. ROSA as Martha, Miss Hersee as Nancy, Castle and Campbell as Lionel and Plunkett, and Seguin as Sir Tristan. And Weber's ever wonderful *Der Freyschütz*,—though neither Castle's Max nor Campbell's Caspar came up to old impressions of those parts—was done as a whole about as well as it has been by any German or Italian troupe here. The Agatha and Annetten of Parepa and Rose Hersee were of course artistic, though the Prayer as sung by Frederici reached a purer height of feeling. We did not hear the "Trovatore" (given three times); nor Gounod's "Faust," which appears to have been a great success, (and, next to *Figaro*, it was a severe test of the capabilities of an English company); nor the new Balfe opera "The Puritan's Daughter." But we shall hear the "Marriage of Figaro" again to-night, if we live, and so may you all, dear readers!

NEW HAVEN.—We think many of our readers will be interested in the programmes of three "Historical Recitals of Piano and Vocal Music" given here a few weeks since. It will be seen that the earlier and later music of the English, German, French and Italian Schools are represented in *short pieces*, to allow a great variety. The interpreters were: Mrs. Sara A. C. Eastman, Soprano; Mr. J. Sumner Smith, Tenor; Mr. E. A. Parsons, Pianist, and Mr. Thos. G. Shepard, Accompanist.

First Recital, Nov. 29.

English Songs.—a. "Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow;"  
Air popular before 1668.

- b. "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph;" In Milton's "Comus." Henry Lawes, 1634.  
Katzenfuge.....Dom. Scarlatti, 1730.  
L'Infedele, Italian air.....Pergolesi, 1710-'6.  
a. Old French.—Chanson du Roman d'Alexandre, 1140-'3.  
b. Provencal.—On the death of Richard the Lion-heart, 1199.....Anselm Faydit.  
Sonata in E flat, Op. 12, No. 5.....Clementi; 1762-1832.  
a. "Tutta raccolta," air from "Edo," 1732;  
b. "Lascia ch'io pianga," from "Rinaldo," 1711;  
Handel; 1684-1759.  
Duetto—"Dite, O Ciel!"  
Carissimi; began to flourish about 1635.  
Cantata—"Non vo' piangere." Alessandro Stradella; 1645-'79.  
Piano Duo.—Sonata, op. 3, No. 1.....Mozart, 1756-'92.  
Old English Ditties: a. "Summer is Icomen in,"  
Six hundred years old.  
b. The three ravens.....Already in the 16th Century.  
Andante, Op. 62.....J. L. Dussek, 1761-1810.  
a. Alla Trinita Beata.....Italian, about 1836.  
b. Recit. and Air from "Die Macht der Tugend," 1700  
R. Keiser, 1673-1739.  
Air—"My heart ever faithful".....J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.  
Prelude and Fugue, in F minor.....J. S. Bach.  
Duetto—"Cantando un di." C. M. Ciampi, eminent in 1695.

#### Second Recital, Dec. 6.

- English Song, "Dear Kitty".....Air popular before 1605.  
Grand Sonata, Op. 120.....F. Schubert, 1794-1828.  
a. Air, from "Aristeo".....Gluck, 1714-'87.  
b. Song, "The Violet".....Mozart, 1756-'92.  
"Verdant Meadows," from "Aleinu," 1735.....Handel.  
Scherzo a Capriccio, Posthumous, Mendelssohn, 1809-'47.  
Old English Ditties,  
a. "Oh Come you from Newcastle".....16th Century.  
b. "The name of my true love".....17th Century.  
Duetto, from "La Dame Blanche".....Boieldieu, 1770-1834.  
Nocturne in D flat.....Chopin, 1810-'49.  
a. Toglietelo in vita ancor," 1728.....Aless. Scarlatti, 1659-1728.  
b. The Spirit's Song.....Haydn, 1732-1810.  
Ave Maria.....Cherubini, 1760-1842.  
Concerto in E flat, Op. 73, two movements.  
Beethoven, 1770-1827.  
"Rosen," "Sagt mir an".....C. M. Von Weber, 1786-1826.  
Song, "The Quail".....Beethoven.  
Fantasiebilder.....Schumann, 1810-'56.  
Duet, "Super flumina Babylonis," (By the rivers of Babylon).....Vincenzo Martini, celebrated in 1780.

#### Third Recital, Dec. 13.

- Blondel's Song.....Rob. Schumann.  
Fantasia, "Masaniello".....Thalberg, 1812-  
Song, "A Day Dream," Poem by A. A. Proctor.  
J. Blumenthal.  
a. Gehelmes, }  
b. Mein, }.....Schubert.  
Tarantella.....Gus. Schumann.  
Air, from Don Giovanni, "Vedrai Carino".....Mozart.  
Duetto from "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur".....Auber, 1784.  
Romance and Rondo, from Concerto in E minor.  
Chopin, 1810-'49.  
a. In Autumn. "Im Herbst".....Mendelssohn.  
b. "Will he Come." Poem by Miss Proctor.  
Arthur S. Sullivan.  
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 15.....Liszt, 1811-  
Duet, "Lovely Maiden," "Jessonda".....L. Spohr, 1784-1859.

SALEM, MASS.—We hear but one opinion of the performance of the *Messiah*, on the 12th inst., in Mechanics' Hall, by the Salem Oratorio Society,—a young Society, formed about two years ago, and numbering some 300 voices in its chorus. All witnesses pronounce it one of the best performances of the *Messiah* that they ever heard; and some even say that it surpassed any recent effort of our Boston Handel and Haydn Society. The truth is, any young Society has some advantages over our old organization. Starting, in the first place, at a more advanced point of general musical culture and sincere belief in music, it is composed of young, fresh voices and spirits, eager for new tasks, new difficulties, unhampered by old habits and the quietistic spell of old associations. Its members do not go into the chorus ranks to revive the memories of their youth; its faces are all upturned to the future. Then again, in a quiet old town like Salem, the more cultured portion of society, not distracted by a hundred interests and attractions, like the same class in Boston, where one thing is continually jostled by another, can devote itself with whole heart and loyal punctuality to one or two good things, so as to make them truly good. As we had not the good fortune to be present, we quote from the report in the *Advertiser*:

The soprani were excellent, and indeed all the parts were well performed. Mrs. J. W. Weston of Salem, Mrs. C. A. Barry and Dr. J. W. Langmaid of Boston, and Mr. W. H. Beckett of New York, were the soloists. Mrs. Barry and Dr. Langmaid were almost unexceptionable, and Mrs. Weston, though slightly nervous at first, soon recovered herself, and sang the solo "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth" with fine effect. Mr. Beckett brought a great deal of care and attention to the performance

of his role, but his voice is more of a barytone, and was hardly deep enough for the music of the part. Mr. Zerrahn, who seems to be indispensable to the satisfactory conducting of oratorios, was the director, and Mr. Frank W. Upton, an excellent musician, presided at the piano. The Germania Band was the orchestra, and their performances left nothing to be desired. The success of the affair is due largely to the talents and energy of the society, who, by their efforts, heartily seconded by the members, have succeeded in placing it in the front rank of our musical organizations. Mr. D. B. Hagar, of the Salem normal school, who fills the office of president of the society, has done much toward securing its prosperity.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Mr. B. D. Allen's second Chamber Concert took place Jan. 4. The *Palladium* says:

The concert opened with Mozart's beautiful Piano-Forte Sonata in F, with violin accompaniment, performed by Messrs. Allen and Listemann, who brought out its lovely strains and choice modulations with rare fidelity, and nicety of finish; it was a choice selection awakening anew one's loving appreciation of this artistic composer. Mr. Kreissmann sang two of Schubert's rare songs, Nos. 12 and 3 of the *Schwangesang*; the former, the lovely "On the Sea," admirably adapted to his voice, and sung with fine feeling and soul-felt earnestness; these with Beethoven's "Liederkreis," Op. 98, and Schumann's Songs, "Widmung," and "Frühlingsnacht," receiving interpretations such as he alone is capable of giving; it is one of the treats of a life-time to listen to him. Mendelssohn's Andante for violoncello and piano, in which Mr. Heindl's violoncello unfolded such wondrous beauties, so feelingly expressed, was highly enjoyable; the two instruments combining to make this one of the finest selections. Mr. Listemann thrilled his hearers with his fine interpretation of that very difficult piece, "La Trille du Diable," by Tartini, in which his violin became a miniature orchestra, so rich was it in harmonies. He had previously played it at seventy concerts (without notes) and yet it was rendered with the warmth and fervor of a newer and fresher experience, so earnestly did it move him. The Trio for violin, 'cello, and piano was thoroughly Haydnish; genial, happy and sunny; and performed by three such artists could not fail to give enjoyment.

Previous to the closing piece, Mr. Allen played Chopin's Funeral March; a touching tribute to his friend, Mr. Hamilton; played as soul speaking to soul, awakening responsive chords in the hearts of all.

DEATH OF EDWARD HAMILTON.—Edward Hamilton, Esq., died in this city Sunday noon, at the age of 57, after an illness of about three weeks, of lung fever. He was a native of Worcester; was educated as a lawyer, and had an office for a while in Barre, and subsequently in Millbury; but for many years had been employed in the Worcester County Institution for Savings. Much of his time had been devoted to Music, in which he exhibited remarkable taste, discrimination, and cultivation; and to him, more than to any other, is Worcester indebted for the reputation it has achieved in musical matters. He was a composer of music, and had published three volumes of church music,—*"Songs of Praise,"* *"The Sanctus,"* and the *"Voice of Praise;"* which are extensively used in the churches, and are much admired for the genius and exquisite taste they exhibit. A man of decided ability and culture, he was not less remarkable for his purity of life and character, his modest appreciation of himself, and his sympathy in all measures for the public good.—*Worcester Palladium*, Jan. 5.

DEATH OF GOTTSCHALK.—The last Brazilian mail steamer brings news of the death of Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the celebrated American pianist. It appears that during a concert at Rio Janeiro, while playing one of his newest compositions, called "La Morte," he fell senseless. He was taken to Tijuca, where, after lingering three weeks, he died on the 18th of December. He was about forty years of age, having been born in New Orleans in 1829. He was educated in Paris, and made his first public appearance as a pianist in April, 1845. He travelled for several years in Europe, giving concerts, and in January, 1853, gave his first one in America, at New York.

M. LEFEBURE WELY, the well-known French organist and composer of Offertories, &c., for the organ, fell dead, a few days since, at the foot of his organ, in the church of St. Salpice, Paris.—*Jan. 8.*

## Special Notices.

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A very desirable song, far above the ordinary grade.

How gently fall those simple words, "God bless you." 3. C to e. Thomas 35  
Essentially a home ballad, embodying sentiments with melody combined, which must find a home in every human heart.

A brighter world than this. 2. F to f. Cox. 30  
A sweet, soothing ballad, which ought to (and probably will) become a great favorite.

Don't treat a man disdainfully. 3. C to g. Williams. 30  
A lively song, fraught with good-natured sentiment.

Sweet and low. Quartet. 3. C. Barnby. 35  
Tennyson's Lullaby set to music, which, if babies had musically-cultivated ears, would not fail to lull them in their most uneasy moments.

Jim the Carter Lad. 3. C to e. Williams. 30  
A cheerful, jolly strain, well calculated to drive away the blues.

A Star in the dark (Una stella in notte bruna). Song. Muratori. 40  
When the corn is waving. Blamphin. 30

Non Partir. (And wilt thou go). Boott. 35  
Il mio dolor. (My sorrow). Guglichio. 35

#### Instrumental.

Addie Galop. Brillante. 5. Eb. Wiegand. 60  
Good practice for pupils, and good music withal.

Lob der Frauen. (Praise of Woman). Polka Mazourka. 3. D. Strauss. 40

A very graceful and pleasing Dance Piece which will more than satisfy the most fastidious Terpsichorean devotee.

Lingering Joys. Polka Mazourka. 3. C. Gerster. 30  
Another attractive dance piece similar in character to the preceding.

Floating Waltz. 2. A. Wright. 30

March for the Piano-forte. 4 hands. For Teacher and Pupil. 2. C. Mason. 75

The pupil's (or primo) part of the duet is limited to the compass of a fifth, and is consequently available to pupils of the smallest executive capacity.

Polka from "Hamlet." Thomas. 35  
Ein herz, ein sinn. (One heart, one soul). Polka Strauss. 40

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